

Mike & Will's Fight: Rewritten by orphan_account

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Summary:

This is a tweaked version of the fight in the rain between Will and Mike in the rain, to look deeper into what's gotten into Mike, and how Will can't stand it.

Mike & Will's Fight: Rewritten

Author's Note:

This is my favorite scene in Stranger Things 3, so there wasn't much I wanted to CHANGE, more things I wanted to expand upon.

"Sir Mike, your action!" I said, dramatically, trying to add some energy into Mike and Lucas, who were seemingly a step away from being asleep. Mike sighed. "What should I do?" He asked Lucas lazily, barely audible over the music playing. Lucas shrugged. "...attack?" He replied, unsure of either himself or why Mike bothered to ask him. "Okay, I attack with my flail." Mike said, more setting down the dice then actually rolling it.

"Whoosh! You miss! Your flail clanks the stone, the zombie sword lumbers towards you and..." I roll the dice once more. "The Juju bites your arm, flesh tears, ahhhh...seven points of damage!" I finish. "Oh no, my arm! Lucas look, my arm!" Mike said in a sarcastic tone, holding his arm like a child. Lucas coughs out a laugh, and tries to cover it with his face. I hold back my annoyance.

"Sir Lucas." I say, trying to gain his attention once more. He quickly acts like he cares again. "The zombie hoard ROARS. Do you fight back, or, do you run?" I ask. Before he could answer, the phone rings. "NO! It's a distraction. A trap! Do NOT answer it!" I say, getting up, slamming my staff onto the floor. They both immediately runs towards the phone. "...what, no...!" I say, defeated.

"El?" Mike immediately asks, because that's all he can think about anymore. A pause. "No, sorry, not interested." He says, setting the phone back. "Telemarketers." He says with another sigh, as if this is the worst moment of his life. It might be, I wouldn't know what a normal life entails. "Maybe we should just call them." Lucas proposes. "We can do that?" Mike says, as if this thought never once crossed his mind. "I think so?" Lucas stupidly responds. "Yeah, but what would we say?" Mike says, acting even stupider.

"You will say NOTHING!" I snap, slamming the staff on the ground

again. "The Cuizar tribe still needs your help!" I say motioning towards the table. "All right then, I'll use my torch to set fire to the chamber, sacrificing ourselves, killing the Jujus, and saving the Cuizar. We all live on as heroes in memories of the Kalamar." Mike says with a shrug. "Victory." Lucas says with zero enthusiasm, high-fiving Mike.

Something snapped inside me. I slammed down my staff, ripped my hat off of my head, and slammed it to the ground. "Fine. You guys win. Congratulations." I said, my tone changed, turning off the music. "Will, I was just messing around." Mike said, even though he clearly wasn't, and clearly wasn't being sympathetic at all. I continued to take off the robe regardless. This wasn't fun for any of us, so why should I keep trying?

"Let's finish for real, how much longer is the campaign?" Mike said, walking over to me, realizing that I had feelings too. "Just FORGET IT, Mike." I said, losing my temper more and more. "No, we wanna keep playing, right?" Mike asked Lucas. "Y-yeah, totally!" Lucas answered. Even though I was still packing to leave, I could tell that was a forced answer. "We'll just call the girls afterwards." Mike said. Their insistence on trying to calm me down in the most childish ways possible on top of constantly talking about 'the girls' was driving me insane. "I SAID FORGET IT, MIKE, OKAY!?" I shouted. There was a small awkward pause. "...I'm going home." I said, a bit more calmly. "...come on, Will..." Lucas said. "MOVE!" I said, shoving him out of the way, storming upstairs.

I wasn't putting up with them anymore. I needed to be alone. I walked out into the garage and grabbed my bike, and put on my backpack. "Will, come on! You can't leave, it's raining." Mike said, catching up to me. Like I cared about the rain, when he was essentially raining on me all day. "Listen, I said I was sorry, all right? It's a cool campaign, it's really cool! We're just not in the mood right now!" Mike pleaded. "Yeah, MIKE. That's the problem, you guys are NEVER in the mood anymore! You're ruining our party!" I said, my voice starting to break. "That's not TRUE!" He replied. "Really? Where's Dustin right now?" A small pause. "See? You don't KNOW, and you don't even care, and obviously he doesn't either, and I don't blame him! You're destroying everything, and for what? So you can

swap spit with some stupid girls?" I shouted. "El's not stupid!" He shouted back. "It's not my fault you don't like girls!"

My stomach turned. Not even my friends accept me. How did they even know? Did he even mean it like that? I fought back tears.

Mike closed his eyes, trying to calm himself down. There was a long pause. "I'm not trying to be a jerk, okay?" He stated calmly. "But we're not kids anymore. I mean, what did you think, really? That we were never gonna get girlfriends? That we were just gonna sit in my basement all day and play games for the rest of our lives?" He finished. "Yeah. I guess I did...I really did." I responded. I rode off into the rain, trying to ignore Mike's pleading for me to come back. At least the rain helps hide my tears.